

A TREASURE OF POEMS

BOOK II



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PREFACE

Children possess a fertile imagination. They are more receptive when they are young. Good poetry instils a sense of aesthetic beauty into the young minds. It provides both pleasure and profit. Poetry trains the emotions of the young pupils. Light verse carries greater appeal as it is easily intelligible and creates greater interest and pleasure. Therefore students should develop a taste for poetry from the early stages of learning.

This series of Poems has been carefully designed so as to provide both pleasure and create interest in Poetry. Vocabulary in these poems conforms to the standard for which they are meant.

In order to instil moral and patriotic sense amongst the students, we have incorporated into this anthology, a few poems with Indian background.

The books are profusely illustrated to make them interesting and help the students in learning.

We are sure the teachers will welcome this series. Suggestions for improvement will be gratefully received.

Editors

Preface to the Revised Edition

The book in its present form has been thoroughly re-written in view of suggestions received from a large number of teachers. Easier and smaller poems have been put in Book II and comparatively difficult and longer poems have been given in Book III of the series.

We hope that the series in its present form shall prove more useful. Suggestions for further improvement are welcome.

—*Authors & Publisher*

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1 LITTLE BIRDIE

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day ?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day ?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.

Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till your little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

2 HOME SWEET HOME

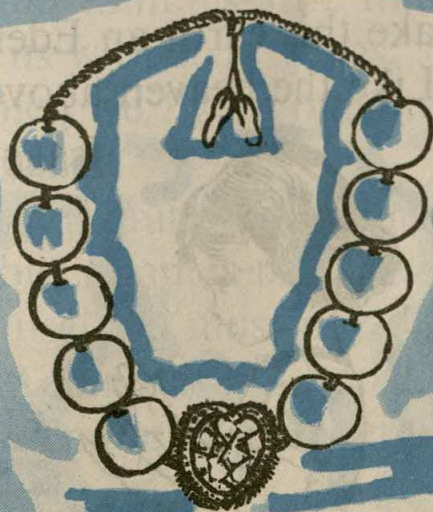
Come with me and let me show
The nicest place on earth I know.
Here we eat and sleep and pray,
All together, night and day.
Meet my father and my mother,
My big sister and little brother.
All as lovely as a poem !
Come and see my happy home.



3 A FLINT

An emerald is as green as grass,
A ruby red as blood;
A sapphire shines as blue as heaven;
A flint lies in the mud.
A diamond is a brilliant stone,
To catch the world's desire;
An opal holds a fiery spark;
But a flint holds fire

Christina Rossetti



4 KIND DEEDS

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.
Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.
Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

Isaac Watts





5 MINUTES

We are but minutes-little things;
Each of us with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen
track

And not a minute ever comes back.
We are but minutes-use us well,
For our use you must one day tell.
Who uses minutes has hours to use;
Who loses minutes, years must lose.

Anonymous

6 DAYS OF THE WEEK



Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for a
living.

But the child that is born on a
Sunday
Is bonny and blithe and good and
gay.

7 KEEP GOOD COMPANY

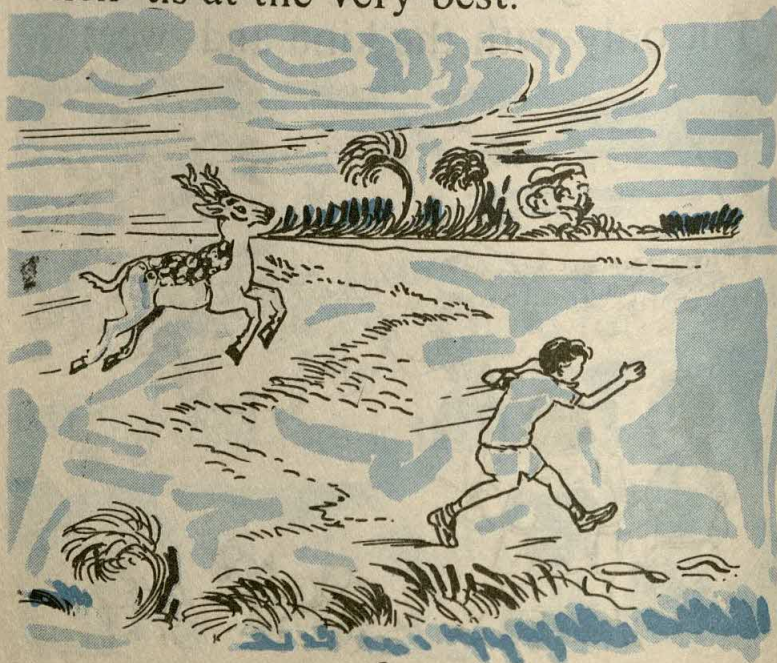
All children love to run and play,
To swing and sing and skip all day,
They never tire of games and toys
Dolls for the girls, balls for the boys.

But no one cares to join in games
With boys who bully or call others
names,
Or with girls who cry and cheat,
But only with the kind and sweet.



8 WEATHER RHYME

When the wind is in the East,
Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the North,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the South,
It blows the bait in the fishes mouth;
When the wind is in the West.
Then 'tis at the very best.





9 BIG AND SMALL THINGS

I cannot do the big things
That I should like to do,
To make the earth for ever fair,
The sky for ever blue.

But I can do the small things
That help to make it sweet;
Though clouds arise and fill the skies,
And tempests beat.

A.H. Miles

10 AT SCHOOL

At school good boys and girls are kind
To one another, and you'll find
They always try to help a friend,
And gladly pen or pencil lend.
Sometimes perhaps they start to
fight,
Each thinking he or she is right.
But others tell them: "Fight no more!
Now be good friends just as before."



11 THE DANCING CLOTHES

The wind is free,
The weather's fine;
The clothes are dancing
On the line,
So up and down
Up and down.
And round and round





12 SPARROWS

Pretty little three
Sparrows in a tree,
Light upon the wing;
Though you cannot sing
You can chirp of Spring:

Chirp of Spring to me,
Sparrows from your tree.

Never mind the showers,
Chirp about the flowers

While you build a nest;
Straws from east and west,
Feathers from your breast,
Make the snuggest bowers
In a world of flowers.

Christina Rossetti



13 O, THE RIVER FLOWS !

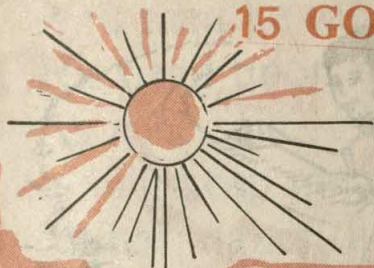
Dark brown is the river,
 Golden is the sand.
It flows along for ever,
 With trees on either hand.
Green leaves a-floating,
 Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating —
 Where will all come home ?
On goes the river
 And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
 Away down the hill.
Away down the river,
 A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
 Shall bring my boats ashore.

Robert Louis Stevenson

14 A PLEASANT DAY

See the kitten, full of fun,
Sporting in the brilliant sun;
Children, too, may sport and play;
For it is a pleasant day !
Bring the hoop, and bring the ball,
Come with happy faces all;
Let us make a merry ring,
Talk and laugh and dance and sing;
Quickly, quickly, come away,
For it is a pleasant day !





In every smiling bloom,
And the shining Moon;
O, in every tree
There is none but He.
In every song of a bird;
His voice is heard.
Gift of life he gave to me;
There is none but He.

In the stars, the Moon, the Sun;
And the beasts that run
And the dancing trees on the lea;
There is none but He.

N.C. Narayan





16 MARY'S LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go;
He followed her to school one day—
That was against the rule.
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.
And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear;

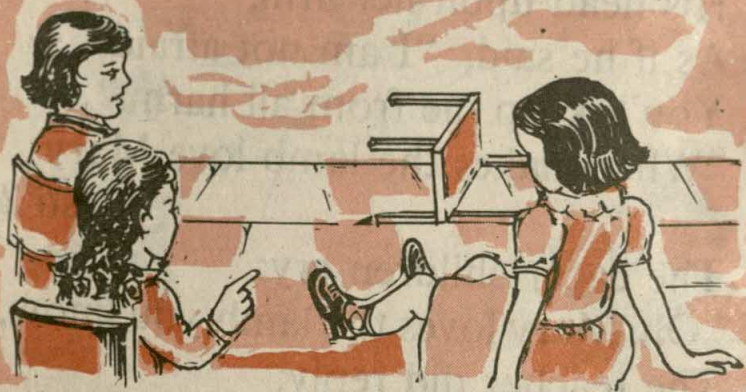
And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I am not afraid —
You'll keep me from all harm."
"What makes the lamb love Mary
so ?"

The eager children cry.
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply;
"And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your call,
If you are always kind"

Sarah Josepha Hale



17 BETTY AT THE PARTY



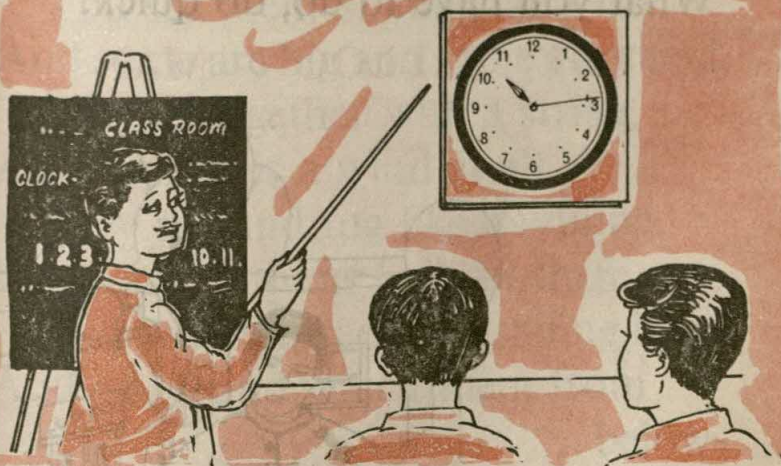
‘When I was at the party,’
Said Betty, aged just four
‘A little girl fell off her chair
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me
I didn’t laugh a single bit,’
Said Betty seriously.

‘Why not?’ her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart
Had been so sweetly kind.

‘Why didn’t you laugh, my darling ?
Or don’t you like to tell ?’
‘I didn’t laugh,’ said Betty,
‘Cause it was me that fell.’

18 WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS

Anonymous

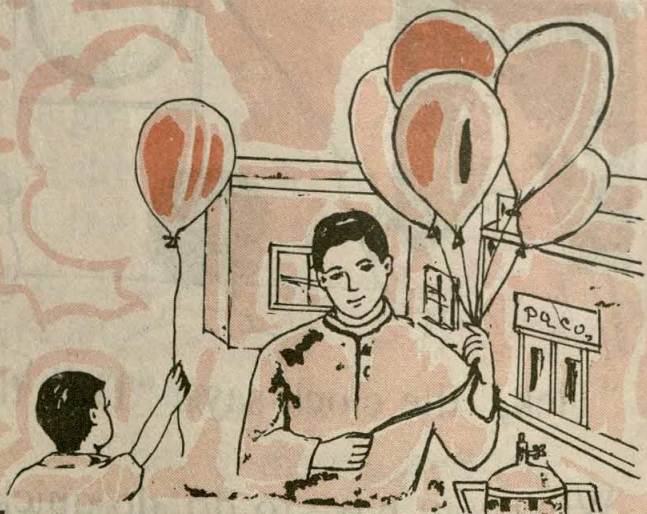


“Tick,” the clock says, “Tick, tick,
tick,”

What you have to do, do quick;
Time is passing fast away;
Let us act, and act today.

“If your lesson you would get,
Do it now, and do not fret;
That alone is really fun,
Which comes when work is done.
When your mother says, “Obey”
Do not loiter, do not stay;
Wait not for another tick;
What you have to do, do quick.

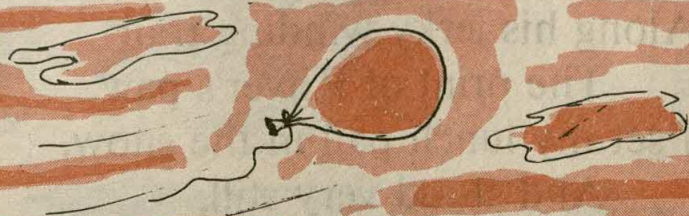
19 THE BALLOON MAN



He always comes on market days,
And holds balloons a lovely bunch.

And in the market square he stays,
And never seems to think of lunch.
They're red and purple, blue and
green,

And when it is a sunny day
Tho' carts and people get between
You see them shining far away.
And some are big and some are small,
All tied together with a string,
And if there is a wind at all
They tug and tug like anything.
Some day perhaps he'll let them go
And we shall see them sailing high,
And stand and watch them from
below-
They would look pretty in the sky!





20 A STORY IN THE SNOW

This morning as I walked to school

Across the fluffy snow,

I came upon a bunny's tracks—

A jumping, zigzag row.

He must have hurried very fast

For here and there I saw

Along his jerky winding trail

The print of Rover's paw.

I set my lunch pail in the snow,

And stood very still,

For only Rover's clumsy tracks
Led down the hill.

Then suddenly I thought I heard
A rustling sound close by,
And there within a grassy clump
Shone Bunny's twinkling eye.

Pearl Riggs Crouch

21 LONG TIME AGO

Once there was a little kitty,
White as the snow;

— In a barn she used to frolic —
Long time ago.



In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro,
For she heard the little kitty
Long time ago.

Four soft paws had little kitty,
Paws soft as snow;
And they caught the little mousie
Long time ago.

Nine pearly teeth had little kitty,
All in a row;
And they bit the little mousie
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Mousie cried out, "Oh !"
But she slipped away from kitty
Long time ago



22 THE CHICKENS



Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
"I wish I could find
A fat little worm."



Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"I wish I could find
A fat little slug."

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
"I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal."

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find
A little green leaf."

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
"I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone."
"Now see here," said the mother,
From the green garden patch
"If you want any breakfast
Just come here and scratch."

23 DICKY BIRDS

Two little dicky birds
Sitting on a twig,
Both very plump
And neither very big.
'Tweet ?' said the first one,
'Cheep !' said his brother
Wasn't that a funny way
To talk to one another ?
Down flew one bird
And picked up a crust;



Off went the other
To a little heap of dust;
Plunged into a dust bath,
All puffed out and fat,
Wouldn't it be very strange
To have a bath like that ?
Both little brown birds
At the set of sun
Flew into a big tree
Because the day was done.
Cuddled in a warm nest,
Cosy as could be,
Mustn't it be lovely
Sleeping in a tree ?





Robin sang sweetly

When the days were bright;
Thanks, thanks for summer !”

He sang with all his might.

Robin sang sweetly,

In the autumn days,

“There are fruits for every one;

Let all give praise !”

In the cold and wintry weather,

Still we hear his song

“Somebody must sing,” said Robin,

“Or winter will seem long”

When the spring came back again,

He sang, “I told you so !

Keep on singing through the winter;

It will always go.”

25 WHAT A BIRD THOUGHT



I first lived in a little house,
And lived there very well;
The world to me was small and
round,
And made of pale blue shell.

I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other;
I thought the world was made of
straw,



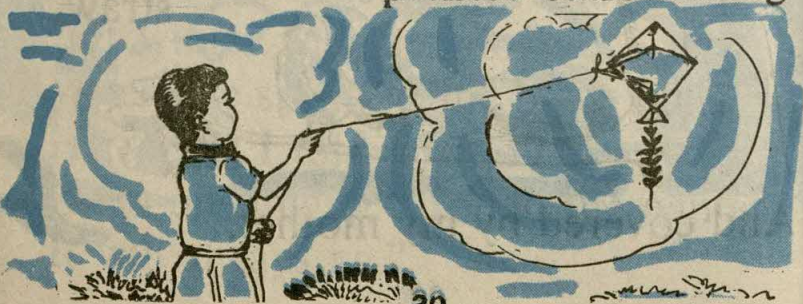
And covered by my mother.

One day I fluttered from the nest,
To see what I could find;
I said, "The world is made of leaves;
I have been very blind."

At last I flew beyond the trees,
And saw the sky so blue;
Now, how the world is really made,
I cannot tell-can you ?

26 THE KITE

My Kite is three feet broad, and six
feet long,
The standard straight, the bender
tough and strong;
And to its milk-white breast five
painted stars belong.



Grand and majestic soars my paper
kite,
Through trackless skies it takes its
lofty flight;
Nor lark nor eagle flies to such a
noble height.
As in the field I stand and hold the
twine,
Swift I unwind, to give it length of
line,
Yet swifter it ascends, nor will to
earth incline.
Like a small speck, so high I see it
sail,
I hear its pinions flutter in the gale,
And, like a flock of wild geese, sweeps
its flowing tail
Adelaide O'Keeffe



27 THE REASON WHY

When I am in my bed at night,
Between the blinds I see
The dearest little twinkling star,
Who comes to peep at me.

I know he stays there all the night,
But at the break of day
I cannot see him anywhere :
Why does he go away ?

I wonder if the reason's this;
Perhaps he goes from me
To peep at other little children ,
In lands across the sea.

Lucy Diamond

28 PRETTY SPRINGTIME



My Mummy says that after dark
The fairies dance in Regent's Park,
Each like a tiny star;
It's round their favourite tree they dance,
And Mummy, at a single glance,
Can tell you where they are.
There's one beside the ducks, and one
Where Mister Squirrel has such fun,
And Mummy knew we'd found them,
Because where fairies dance by night
The trees are now a lovely sight,
With crocuses all round them.

29 SPRING SONG



Spring is coming, spring is coming,
Birdies, build your nest;
Weave together straw and feather,
Doing each your best.

Spring is coming, spring is coming.
Flowers are coming too,
Pansies, lilies, daffodillies
Now are coming through.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
All around is fair.

Shimmer and quiver on the river,
Joy is everywhere.

William Blake

30 A SUMMER SONG



‘Shall I sing ?’ said the lark,
‘Shall I bloom ?’ said the flower,
‘Shall I come ?’ said the sun,
‘Or shall I ?’ said the shower.
Sing your song, pretty bird;
Roses, bloom for an hour;
Shine on, dearest sun;
Go away, naughty shower!

31 IF YOU SEE A FAIRY RING

If you see a fairy ring
In a field of grass,
Very lightly step around,
Tiptoe as you pass;

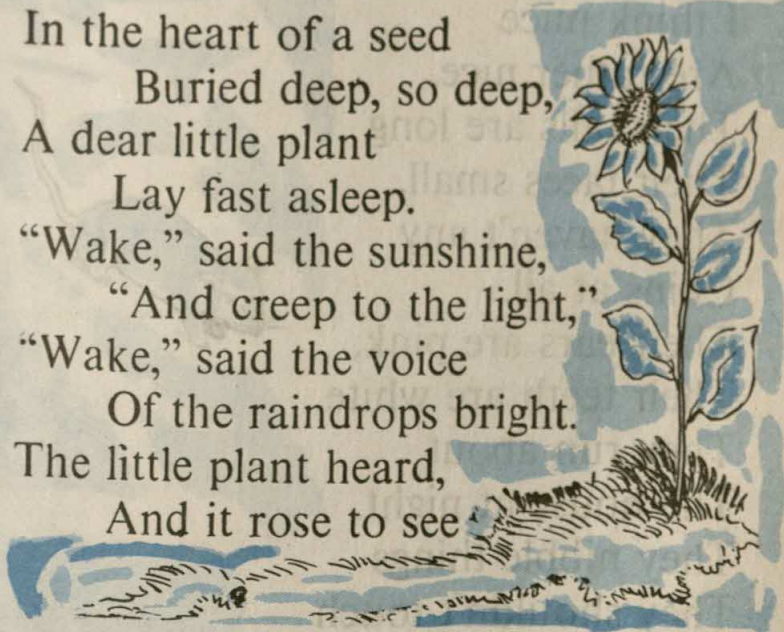


Last night fairies frolicked there,
And they're sleeping somewhere near.
If you see a tiny fay
Lying fast asleep,
Shut your eyes and run away,
Do not stay to peep;
And be sure you never tell,
Or you'll break a fairy spell.

Anon

32 THE LITTLE PLANT

In the heart of a seed
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.
“Wake,” said the sunshine,
“And creep to the light,”
“Wake,” said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.
The little plant heard,
And it rose to see



What the wonderful
Outside world might be.

Kate L. Brown

33 MICE

I think mice
Are rather nice.
Their tails are long
Their faces small,
They haven't any
Chins at all.
Their ears are pink,
Their teeth are white,
They run about
The house at night.
They nibble things
They shouldn't touch
And no one seems
To like them much.
But I think mice
Are nice.



Rose Fyleman



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